Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. Theſe are but wild and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am ſorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patricke* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this viſion here,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you;
For your deſire to know what is betweene us
Ore-maſter't as you may: and now good friends,
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
Give me one poore requeſt.
Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.
Ham. Never make knowne what you have ſeene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſwear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We have ſworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſaiſt thou ſo? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Selleridge
Conſent to ſweare.
Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeake of this that you have ſeene,
Sweare by my ſword.
Ghoſt Sweare.
Ham. Hic & ubique, then wee'll ſhift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe upon my ſword:
Sweare by my ſword.
Never to ſpeake of this that you have heard.
Ghoſt. Sweare by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, canſt thou worke i'th earth ſo faſt?

A wor-

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.
Hora. O day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome:
There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*
Than are dream't of in your Philoſophy: but come,
Here as before; never ſo help you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an antike diſpoſition on,
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall
With armes encombred thus, or head thus ſhak't,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,
As, well well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this doe ſweare,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need helpe you.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit. So Gentlemen
With all my love I doe commend me to you,
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is
May doe t'expreſſe his love and friending to you
God willing ſhall not lacke: let us goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joint, O curſed ſpight
That ever I was borne to ſet it right!
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this money, and theſe two notes *Reynal*
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall doe marvellous wiſely, good *Reynaldo*,
Before you viſit him to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My Lord I did intend it.
Pol. Marrie well ſaid, very well ſaid, looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danskers* are in *Paris*,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence: and finding